

Canibus Lyrics

"The Golden Cypher"

(feat. Ras Kass, K-Solo)

[Ras Kass]

Uhh

Rap so klepto, any mic I steal
Y'all niggaz don't belong here like Michael Steele
at a Republican Party, I go for [?]
Leave cum stains on Sarah Palin's veneers for sure
Like I'm in Mordor, tryin to burn the ring up
The black semi knock your block off like playin Jenga
Have sex with the whole world just by raisin my middle finger
But y'all don't hear me though, (Inga)
And just like that I'm back spittin nasty as (Foxy)
Then I'ma stop servin y'all like the soup nazi
Happy Days, then I'ma spin off like (Joanie Loves Chachi)
Burn rubber, the Maserati mach three
Screamin mazeltov at my aki
(Squad) vomit at Keith Shocklee for the beat made of broccoli
Got a Palestinian girl, her pussy the bomb
Get it? Blew up, you can't stop me

[Canibus]

That's right, I wreck melody, so much energy
Why get on the track if you can't stand next to me?
So much energy it's a felony
Your microphone memory remember me, this is your penalty
You can't keep up mentally, you can't rhyme intelligently
Do it on the track, can't do it in front of me
You frontin, you and your man get all psyched up like it's Fight Club
Times up, you lost, life sucks
So does your wife slut, got a nice cunt
Last night we wiped white stuff on her butt
True power cannot be achieved by fightin over the mic
You can't compete with Canibus, aight?!
If your hat's turned to the back and you rap be prepared to scrap
You don't have to be scared of no strap
Cause your mind overstand all that
Fall back or no more contact with the Gods of rap
Go back to the "Lyrical Law" lab, first of all you trash
You can't add all the rhymes you had
Your mouth is a wound and your tongue is a scab
This is a concept the young mind doesn't grasp
That old stick in the mud, will put a gold bullet in a gun
Show you where red blood comes from
But that's not what you want, you want love
Where does that come from? Define that you bum
One thing at a time, intertwined as one mind
The proto in the prime of one perpetual line

No evil one I can divide, no matter the times try
No matter the lies that claim otherwise
Slumdog drug lord, guns drawn, motherfuck guns laws
You catch a big mini-gun gun charge
This is "Lyrical Law" not lyrical war
This is spiritual God, get your lyrics *[echoes]*

[K-Solo]

I'm nice with everything but chopsticks
Eyes couldn't see my style with glasses or binoculars made of optics
Stop it, slam it, rappers couldn't scoop a topic
Let alone follow they finger to mock this
Caught your hand on my style kid, put it in your pocket
If you can't get it home, what the fuck is the logic?
Want my devices, send my boys in to send fire to the ground
Hang my flag and brag, who's the nicest?
My Fort Knox, like Bunker Hill, *[?]* emcees guerrillas
Rhymin to go banana, breaks performed by Mad Drill
Man chill, your man'll get killed
And when they dump his ass off they gon' find him in a landfill
If I have to I will, that's on the real
I'm (Destiny's) only (Child) of the pay, on these girl group "Bills"
Word to Arthur Kill, Gun Hill for real
Wolf Gang, Murder Mouth, it's the king of the hill